



CHEYENNE KID



CHEYENNE KID

NO. 82
JAN.
CDC

15¢

SPECIAL CHEYENNE STARS
IN TWO NEW SAGAS
OF THE WEST....

"The **VICTOR PAYS**
DIE AT DAWN"



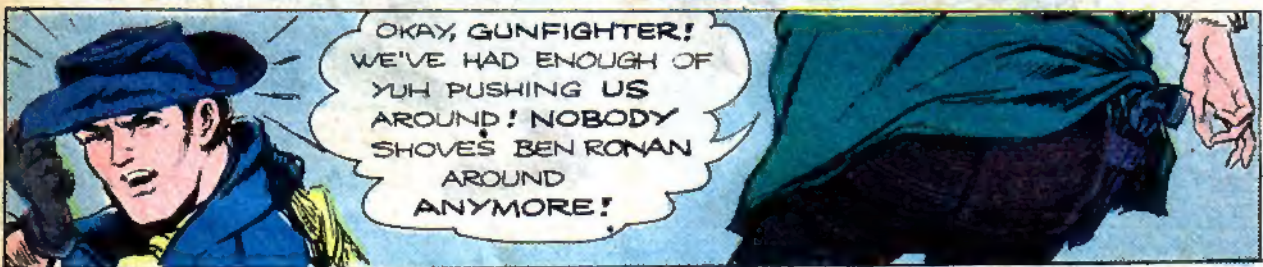
CHEYENNE KID



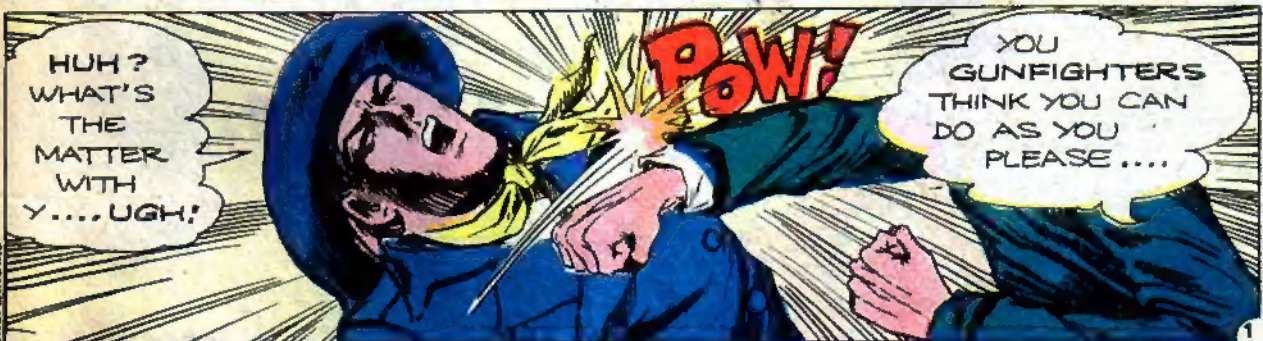
THE VICTOR PAYS



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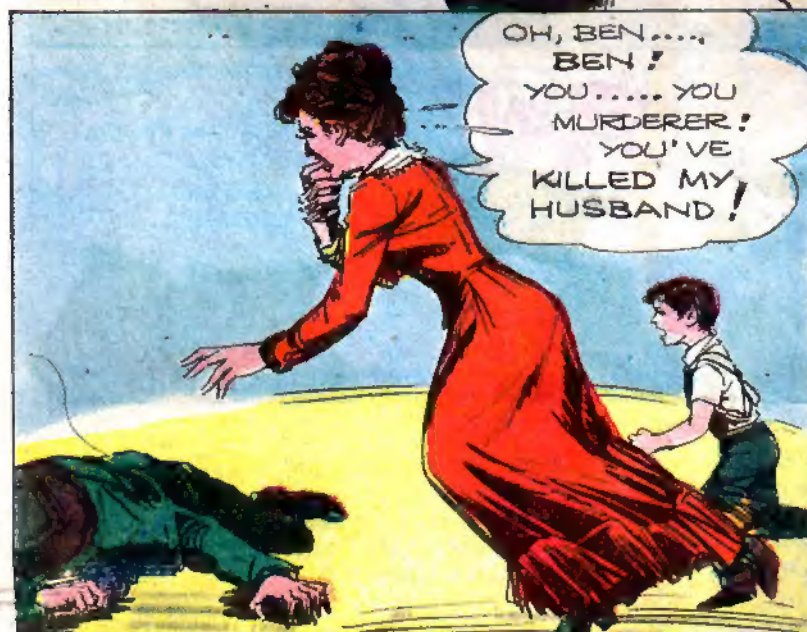


OKAY, GUNFIGHTER!
WE'VE HAD ENOUGH OF
YUH PUSHING US
AROUND! NOBODY
SHOVES BEN RONAN
AROUND
ANYMORE!



HUH?
WHAT'S
THE
MATTER
WITH
Y.... UGH!

YOU
GUNFIGHTERS
THINK YOU CAN
DO AS YOU
PLEASE





YOUR HUSBAND ISN'T DEAD, MA'AM!
I AIMED FOR HIS SHOULDER
AN' THAT'S WHERE
HE'S HIT!

PROFESSIONAL
GUNFIGHTERS ALWAYS
KNOW WHERE THEIR
BULLETS WILL GO!



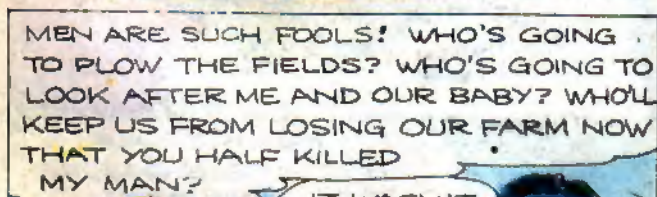
SOMEBODY MUST'VE
SEEN THE WAY IT HAPPENED,
MARSHAL! I DON'T EVEN
KNOW THE GENT AND HE
PUNCHED ME FOR NO
REASON AT ALL, THEN
HE SHOT AT ME
I WASN'T AIMIN' TUH
PULL A GUN ON HIM!

I WITNESSED IT MYSELF,
YOU CAIN'T BE CHARGED
WITH ANYTHING....

.... YUH
ACTED IN
DEFENSE OF
YORE OWN
LIFE!

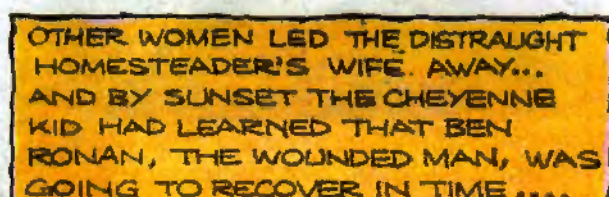


HIS WIFE AND BABY
SAW IT ALL....
I'D ALMOST RATHER
HE SHOT ME
INSTEAD!



MEN ARE SUCH FOOLS! WHO'S GOING
TO PLOW THE FIELDS? WHO'S GOING TO
LOOK AFTER ME AND OUR BABY? WHO'LL
KEEP US FROM LOSING OUR FARM NOW
THAT YOU HALF KILLED
MY MAN?

IT WASN'T
MY DOIN',
MA'AM!



OTHER WOMEN LED THE DISTRAUGHT
HOMESTEADER'S WIFE AWAY...
AND BY SUNSET THE CHEYENNE
KID HAD LEARNED THAT BEN
RONAN, THE WOUNDED MAN, WAS
GOING TO RECOVER IN TIME....



HIS WIFE HAD NO
RIGHT TO BAD-MOUTH
ME THAT WAY!

SHE'S TELLIN' THE WOMEN
I'M A PROFESSIONAL GUNFIGHTER
AND HER HUSBAND DIDN'T HAVE
A CHANCE!

IF THAT FIRST
SLUG HIT WHERE HE AIMED IT,
I'D BE IN BOOT HILL RIGHT NOW!

TELLIN' EVERYBODY THEY'LL
LOSE THEIR HOMESTEAD NOW,
ALL ON ACCOUNTA **ME!**

YOU STILL IN TOWN, KID? I'D
APPRECIATE IT IF YUH'D RIDE ON, THERE'S
ALWAYS TROUBLE AROUND, WHEN
YOU'RE HERE!

I WANT TO
ASK YUH ABOUT
RONAN,
MARSHAL!

WANT!
SEE ED!
0 7-2000

WHAT'LL HAPPEN? HAS
HE GOT ANY KIN
AROUND HERE?

THEY'RE
FROM OHIO,
CHEYENNE... I RECKON
HE'LL LOSE HIS
PLACE.... HE WON'T
BE ABLE TUH
WORK FOR
MONTHS!

THE CHEYENNE KID TRIED TO
THINK CLEARLY,...HE SADDLED
UP AND RODE NORTH THAT
SAME NIGHT, TELLING HIM-
SELF IT WAS THE BEST WAY!

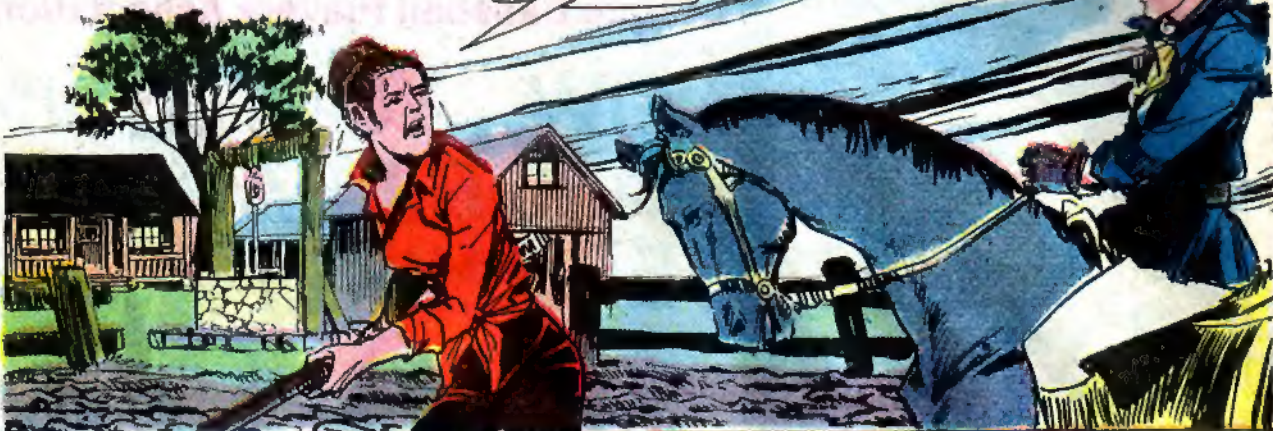
IT'S NOT MY
RESPONSIBILITY! RONAN
GOT EXACTLY WHAT HE
DESERVED!

IF HE DIDN'T HAVE
THAT WIFE AND LITTLE
KID, I WOULDN'T
THINK TWICE ABOUT
HIM!

FOR TWO DAYS AND TWO SLEEPLESS NIGHTS, THE CHEYENNE KID FOUGHT AGAINST THE GROWING SENSE OF GUILT UNTIL FINALLY.....

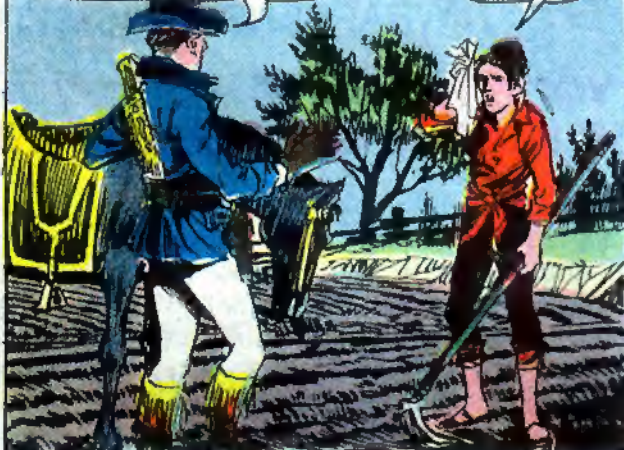
WHAT DO YOU WANT? DID YOU COME BACK TO FINISH MURDERING MY HUSBAND?

A WOMAN CAN'T DO THAT WORK, MRS. RONAN!



I COME TO HELP WITH THE CHORES, MRS. RONAN! I'LL HANG AROUND AND DO THE PLOWIN', ANYHOW!

I DON'T WANT YOUR HELP, GUNFIGHTER!



KEEP AWAY FROM MY WIFE, YOU BUSHWHACKING MURDERER!



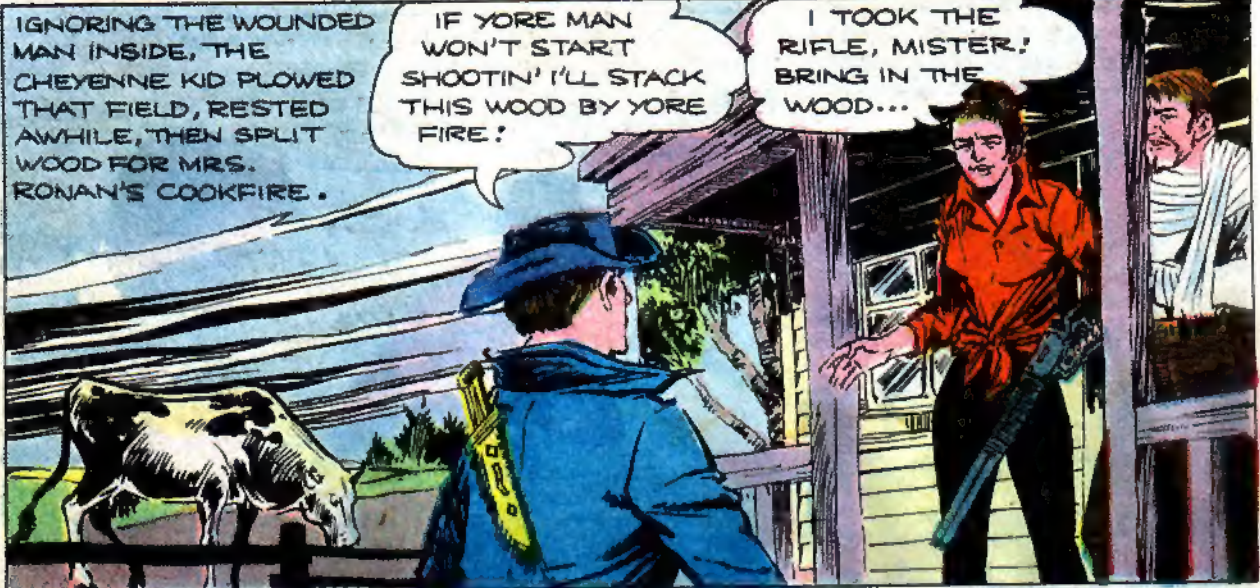
I'M NOT LEAVING, MA'AM! TELL HIM I'LL STAND RIGHT HERE UNTIL HE PUTS THE RIFLE DOWN, THEN I'LL FINISH PLOWIN' THAT FIELD!

HE'S A GOOD MAN... HE HASN'T BEEN WELL LATELY!

IGNORING THE WOUNDED MAN INSIDE, THE CHEYENNE KID PLOWED THAT FIELD, RESTED AWHILE, THEN SPLIT WOOD FOR MRS. RONAN'S COOKFIRE.

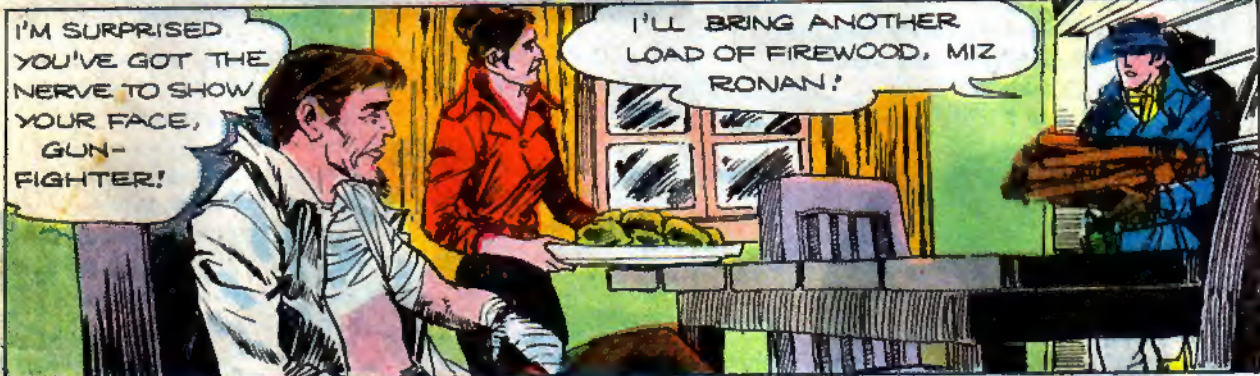
IF YORE MAN WON'T START SHOOTIN' I'LL STACK THIS WOOD BY YORE FIRE!

I TOOK THE RIFLE, MISTER! BRING IN THE WOOD...



I'M SURPRISED YOU'VE GOT THE NERVE TO SHOW YOUR FACE, GUN-FIGHTER!

I'LL BRING ANOTHER LOAD OF FIREWOOD, MIZ RONAN!

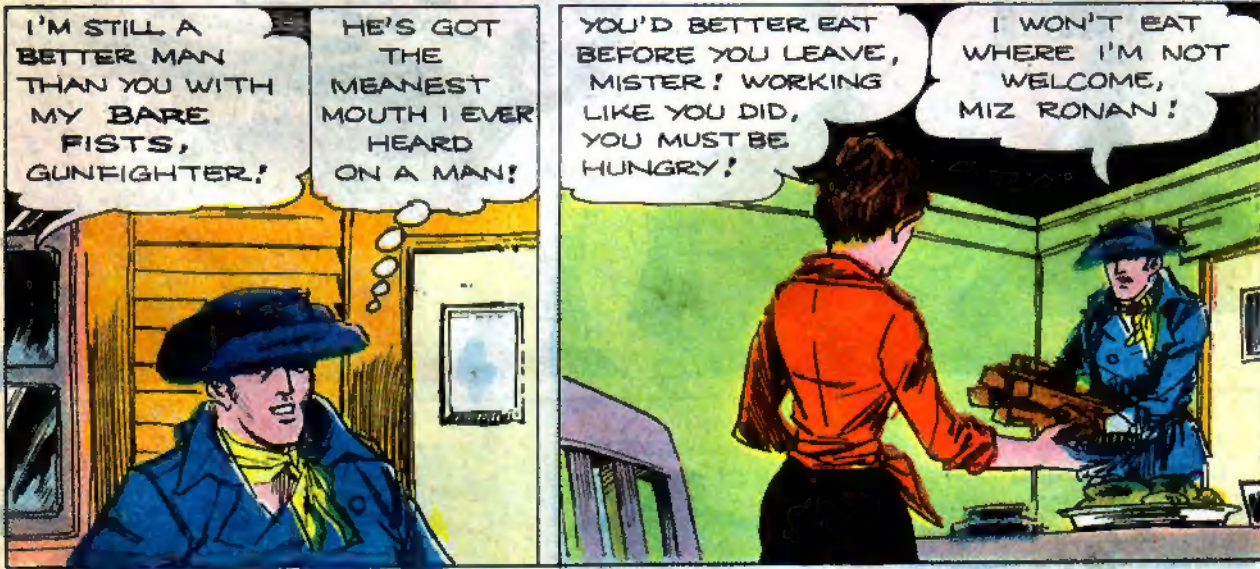


I'M STILL A BETTER MAN THAN YOU WITH MY BARE FISTS, GUNFIGHTER!

HE'S GOT THE MEANEST MOUTH I EVER HEARD ON A MAN!

YOU'D BETTER EAT BEFORE YOU LEAVE, MISTER! WORKING LIKE YOU DID, YOU MUST BE HUNGRY!

I WON'T EAT WHERE I'M NOT WELCOME, MIZ RONAN!



DON'T GO OUT THAT DOOR, MISTER! COME BACK HERE AND EAT!

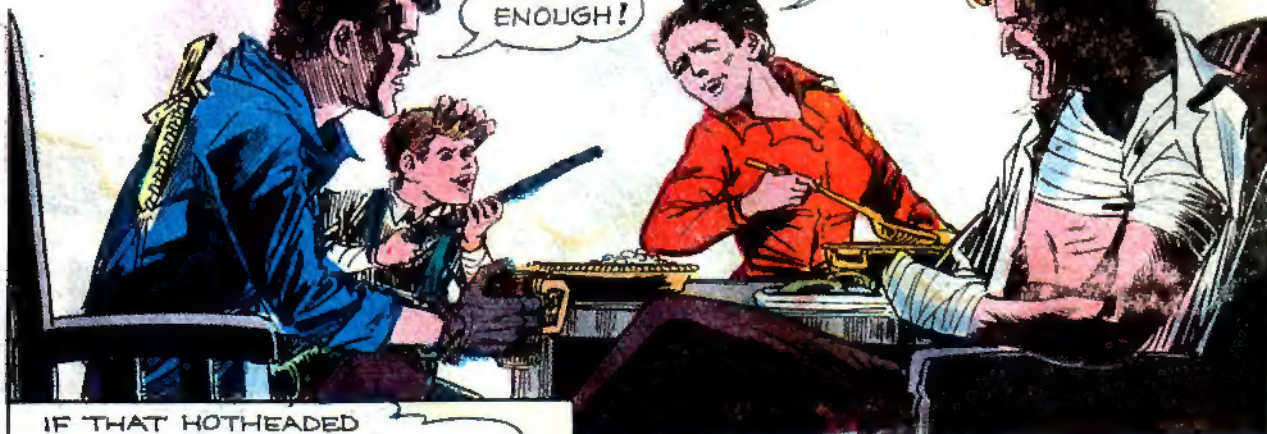
YES, MIZ RONAN!



WE HAVE NO MONEY TO PAY YOU
FOR YOUR WORK, MISTER!

THIS IS A
FINE MEAL,
MIZ RONAN!
IT'S PAY
ENOUGH!

WON'T YOU STAY A DAY
OR TWO LONGER, MISTER?
WE NEED HELP SO
BADLY....

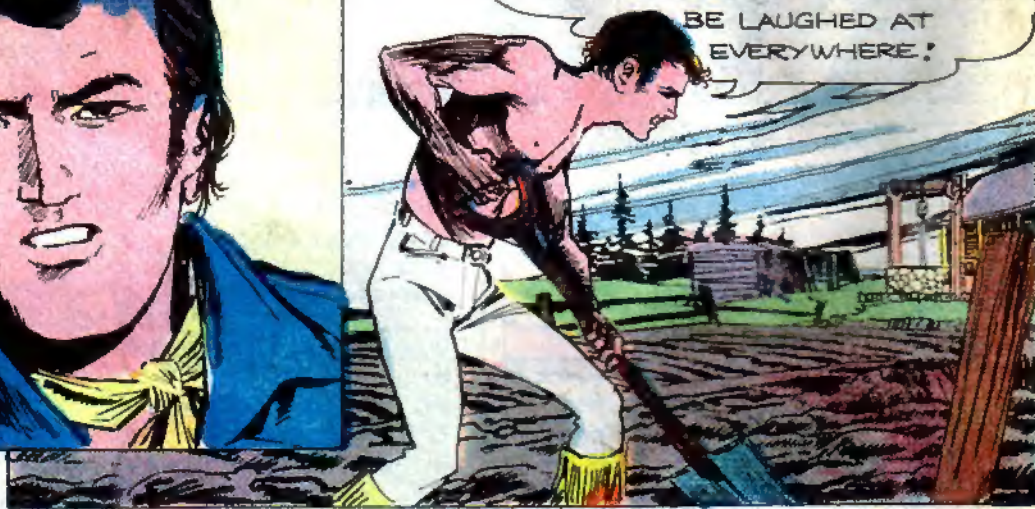


IF THAT HOTHEADED
HUSBAND OF YORES IS WILLIN',
MA'AM, I'LL STAY ON AN'
HELP LONG AS I'M
NEEDED!



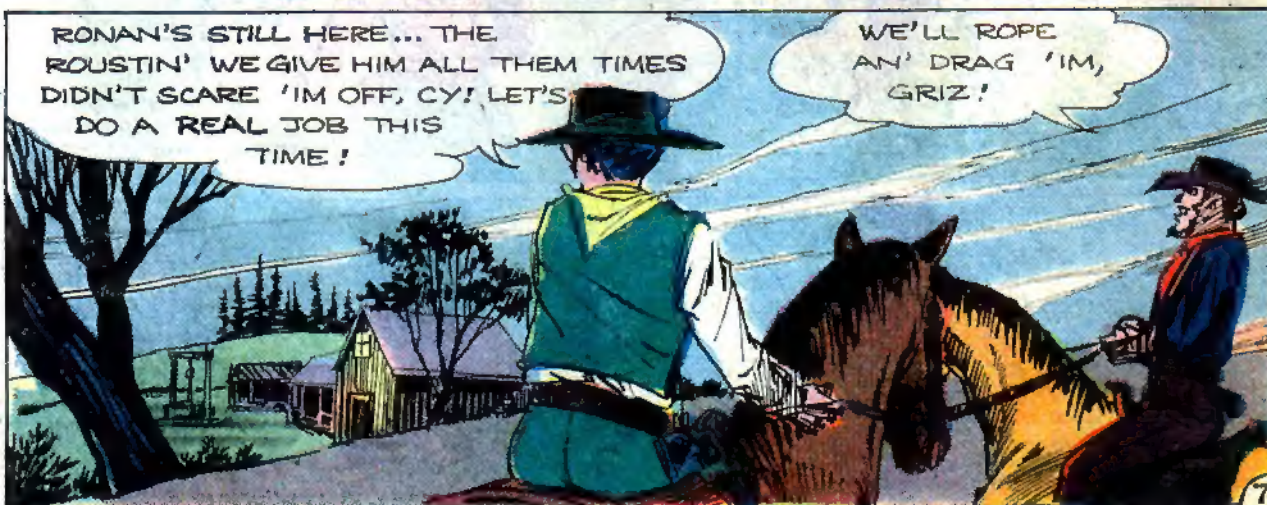
SO, THE CHEYENNE KID BECAME A FARMER...
PLOWING THE RICH LAND, DIGGING POST
HOLES, STRINGING BARBED WIRE

IF WORD OF THIS GETS
AROUND, HOW I'M WORKIN'
LIKE A SLAVE FOR A MAN
WHO TRIED TUH KILL ME... I'LL
BE LAUGHED AT
EVERYWHERE!



RONAN'S STILL HERE... THE
ROUSTIN' WE GIVE HIM ALL THEM TIMES
DIDN'T SCARE 'IM OFF, CY! LET'S
DO A REAL JOB THIS
TIME!

WE'LL ROPE
AN' DRAG 'IM,
GRIZ!



HEY, LOOK AT THE DUDE
HIRED HAND.' LET'S SHOW HIM
WHY HE WON'T LIKE WORKING
FOR RONAN!

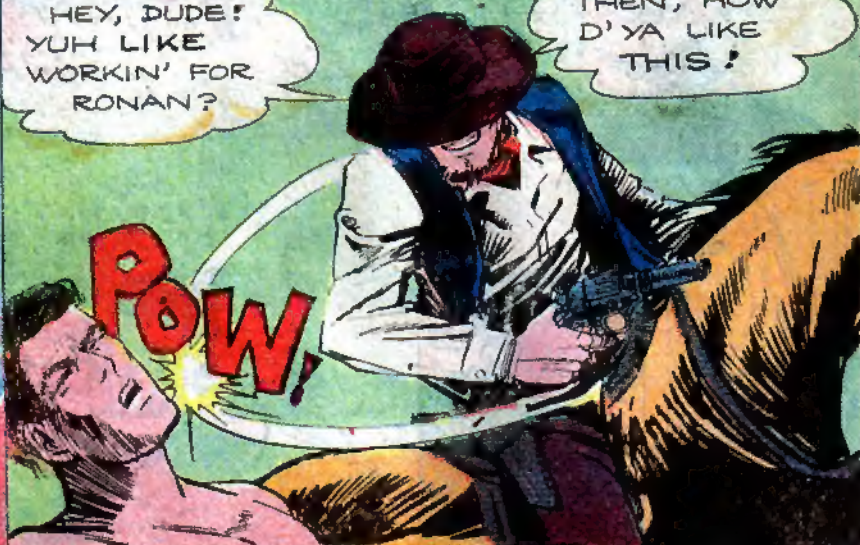
YUH! THERE'RE TOO
MANY OCCUPATIONAL
HAZARDS OUT ON THIS
RANGE! HA! HA!



WHO'RE THESE
TWO UGLY
CUSSES COMING?

HEY, DUDE!
YUH LIKE
WORKIN' FOR
RONAN?

THEN, HOW
D'YA LIKE
THIS!



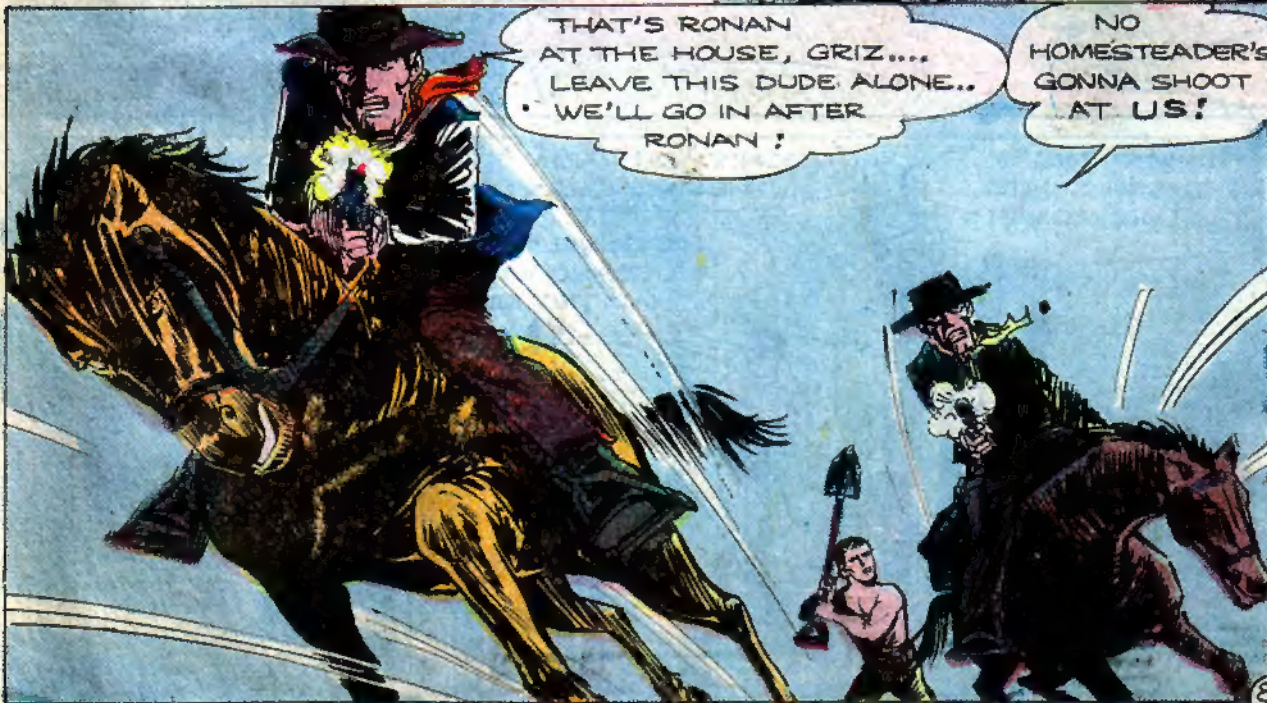
EMILY, THOSE
HOUNDS ARE KILLING
THE CHEYENNE KID!

KRAW!

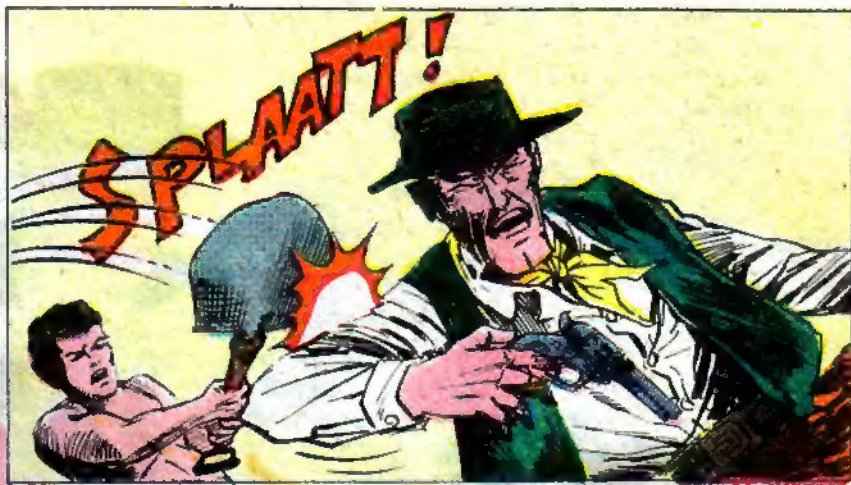


THAT'S RONAN
AT THE HOUSE, GRIZ....
LEAVE THIS DUDE ALONE..
WE'LL GO IN AFTER
RONAN!

NO
HOMESTEADER'S
GONNA SHOOT
AT US!

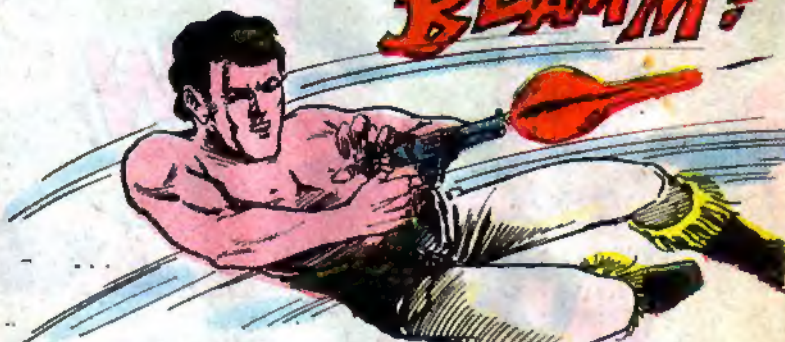


NOW, IT'S MY
TURN!



ONE
DOWN....

BLAMM!



...NOW
TWO!

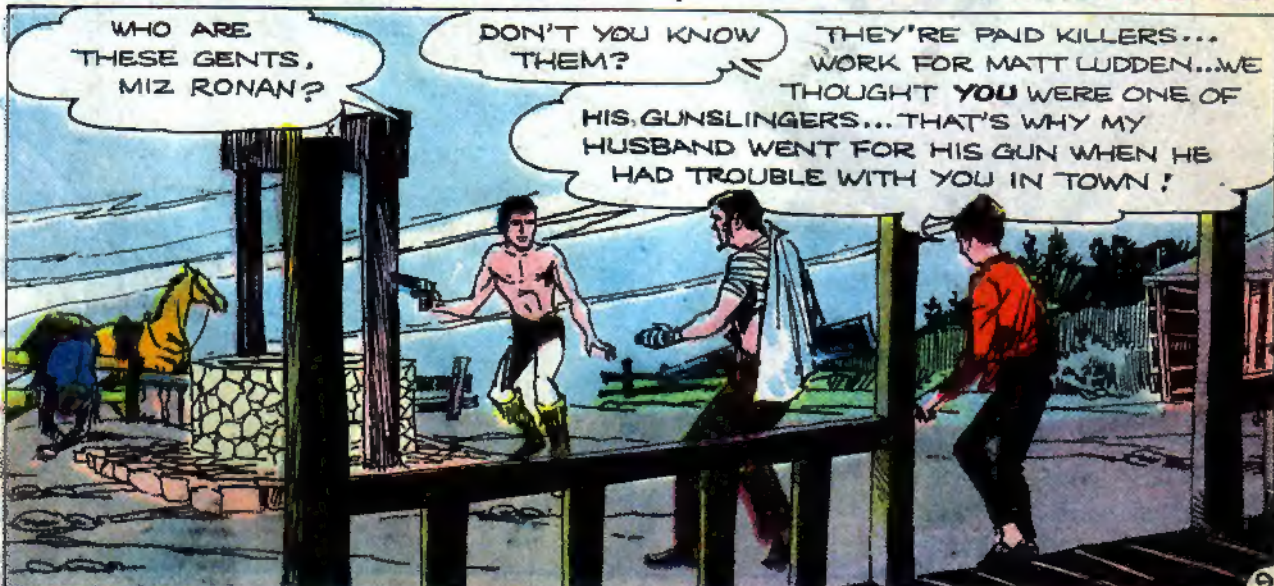
POW!



WHO ARE
THESE GENTS,
MIZ RONAN?

DON'T YOU KNOW
THEM?

THEY'RE PAID KILLERS...
WORK FOR MATT LUDDEN...WE
THOUGHT YOU WERE ONE OF
HIS GUNSLINGERS... THAT'S WHY MY
HUSBAND WENT FOR HIS GUN WHEN HE
HAD TROUBLE WITH YOU IN TOWN!



THE UNINJURED GUNSLINGER WAS TIED UP, THE MAN WITH THE BROKEN LEG GOT CRUDE FIRST AID, THEN THE CHEYENNE KID TALKED TO BEN RONAN...

I WAS A FOOL, CHEYENNE..ASSUMING YOU WORKED FOR MATT LUDDEN? I GOT EXACTLY WHAT I DESERVED, I GUESS?

I UNDERSTAND WHY YUH WENT FOR YORE IRON NOW, RONAN? I'M TAKIN' THESE TWO GENTS UP TO LUDDEN'S RANCH IN YORE BUCKBOARD!

LUDDEN'S A RANGE HAWG... HE DOESN'T WANT HOMESTEADERS ANYWHERE IN THE VALLEY!

THIS SADDLETRAMP GOT GRIZ AND CY ON THE BACK O' THE WAGON, BOSS!

TALK FAST, FELLA, OR YUH'LL NEVER LEAVE THIS RANCH ALIVE!.

YUH'LL HANG IF I DIE ON YORE PLACE, LUDDEN!

IF ANY SHOOTIN' STARTS, I'LL DRAW AN' PUT A SLUG IN YUH 'FORE YORE MEN CAN PUT ME DOWN, LUDDEN!

WHAT DO YOU WANT?

LET BEN RONAN ALONE, LUDDEN! I'LL BE AROUND AN' NEXT TIME YUH SEND YORE BOYS I'LL LET THE MARSHAL TAKE 'EM... THEN I'LL COME AFTER YOU!

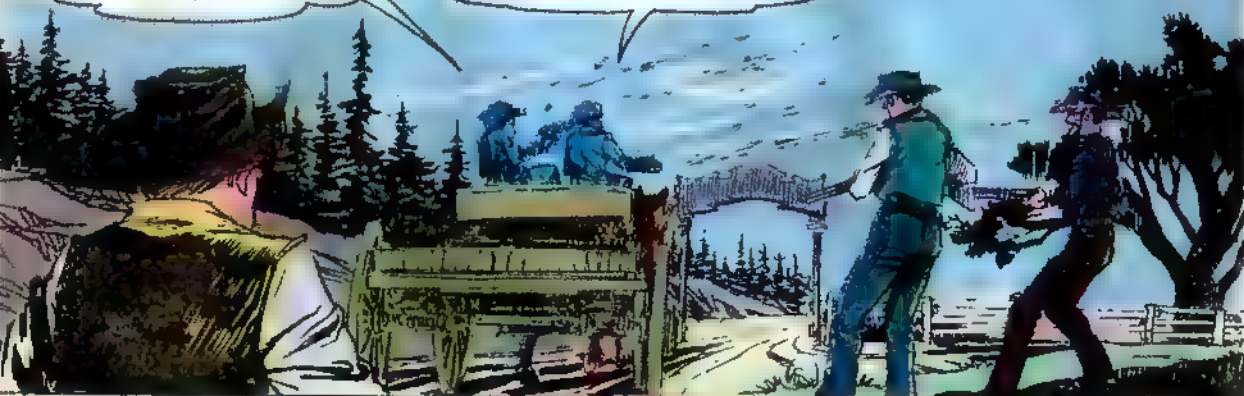


THEY TOOK YORE
TWO KILLERS OFF
THE WAGON....
NOW YOU CLIMB
UP HERE WITH
ME!

YOU WON'T
GET AWAY WITH
IT, COWBOY!

TELL THEM
NOT TO FOLLOW US,
LUDDEN! ONE WRONG
MOVE 'AN' YUH
DIE!

DON'T INTERFERE,
MEN... WE CAN
WAIT UNTIL
A BETTER TIME!



FIVE MILES AWAY—

YUH CAN
UNDERSTAND THIS,
LUDDEN!

REMEMBER,
LUDDEN... IF
ANYBODY
HARMS BEN
RONAN, I'LL
BE BLAMIN'
YOU FOR IT!

FOR SIX WEEKS, THE CHEYENNE
KID SLAVED ON THE SODBUSTER'S
CLAIM... AND THEY WERE FIRM
FRIENDS BY THE TIME CHEYENNE
WAS READY TO RIDE ON!

YUH'RE BETTER NOW, BEN! REMEMBER
...IF LUDDEN OR HIS MEN TRY TUH
RUN YUH OFF,
SEND FOR ME..

I'LL REMEMBER,
CHEYENNE...AND
THANKS AGAIN
FOR HELPING ME
OUT AT A BAD
TIME!



MAY 17, 1970 BY SANJO, KIM
THE END

WANDER WHO HOLDS THE WHIP HAND

NEVER BEFORE HAVE THESE THREE MEN FACED GREATER DANGER... JEB DOOLEY, HUNTER, TRAPPER, AND INJUN FIGHTER IN THE DAYS WHEN MEN WUZ MEN AND WIMMEN HAD TA BE FLEET O' FOOT TA CATCH 'EM! PROFESSOR PHINEAS BLOAT, ENTREPRENEUR OF A POTENT POTION (WE MEAN HE SELLS HIS OWN PATENT MEDICINE) AND **WANDER**, THE TRAVELING SALESMAN WHO TRAVELED SO FAR FROM THE HOME OFFICE THAT HE CAN'T FIGURE OUT HOW TO GET BACK! (WANDER'S HOME ADDRESS IS SIRIUS V, A FAR-OFF PLANET).

OH, YES...WE MENTIONED THE GREAT DANGER THEY'RE FACING....

DRINK IT **ALL**, BLOAT... IF IT'LL CURE US, THE SNAKE OIL LIQUOR WON'T HURT YOU NONE EITHER!

WANDER! **THINK OF SOMETHING!**

WANDER HAS ALREADY BESTIRRED HIS MAGNIFICENT MEDULLA AND...

SPIT IT OUT, WANDER...WHAT DID JA THINK OF?

THAT THE MUZZLE VELOCITY OF A .30 CALIBER BULLET IS MORE THAN 3000 FEET PER SECOND, A MOST GRUESOME STATISTIC, VERILY!

D-586

HIMES

DRINK, BLOAT...OR I'LL FILL
YA SO FULLA HOLES, YA WON'T
HOLD **NOTHIN'**! IT'S TIME YA
HAD A TASTE O' YER OWN
MEDICINE!

YEECCCHH!
HAVE MERCY,
SIR, I'M NOT
A WELL MAN!

YONDER VARLET
GROWS IRATE BECAUSE
PROFESSOR BLOAT'S
SNAKE OIL MEDICINE
DID NOT CURE HIS ILL...
WHICH WAS A **THINNING**
OF HAIR ON THE
CRANIUM!



THERE IS NOUGHT
THAT MORTAL MAN
CAN DO TO AVERT
THIS FOUL FATE!

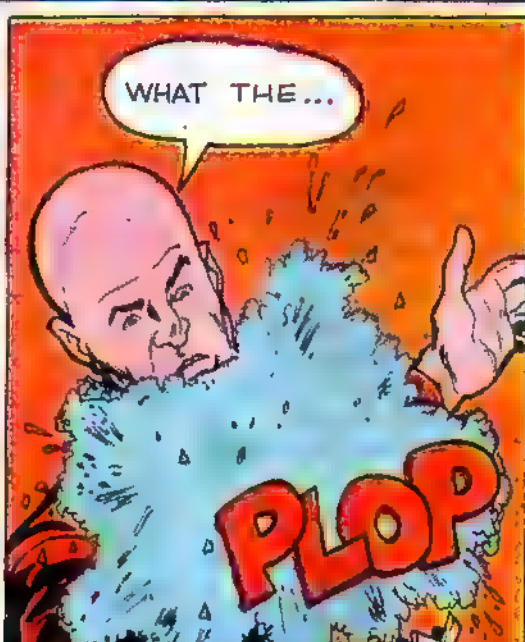
MORTAL MAN, WANDER SAID....BUT THAT
DOESN'T NECESSARILY INCLUDE **WANDER**,
THE CELESTIAL HITCHHIKER WHO IS ONLY
A **VISITOR** (HE HOPES) ON OUR WOEFUL
PLANET! YOU'VE NOTICED WANDER'S WHIP...
IT'S NOT AN **ORDINARY** PIECE OF LEATHER!



A MOMENT,
SIRRAH!*

BUTT OUT, DUDE, OR I'LL
SQUEEZE YER SKULL TILL YER
EYEBALLS POP LIKE
WATERMELON SEEDS.

WHAT THE...



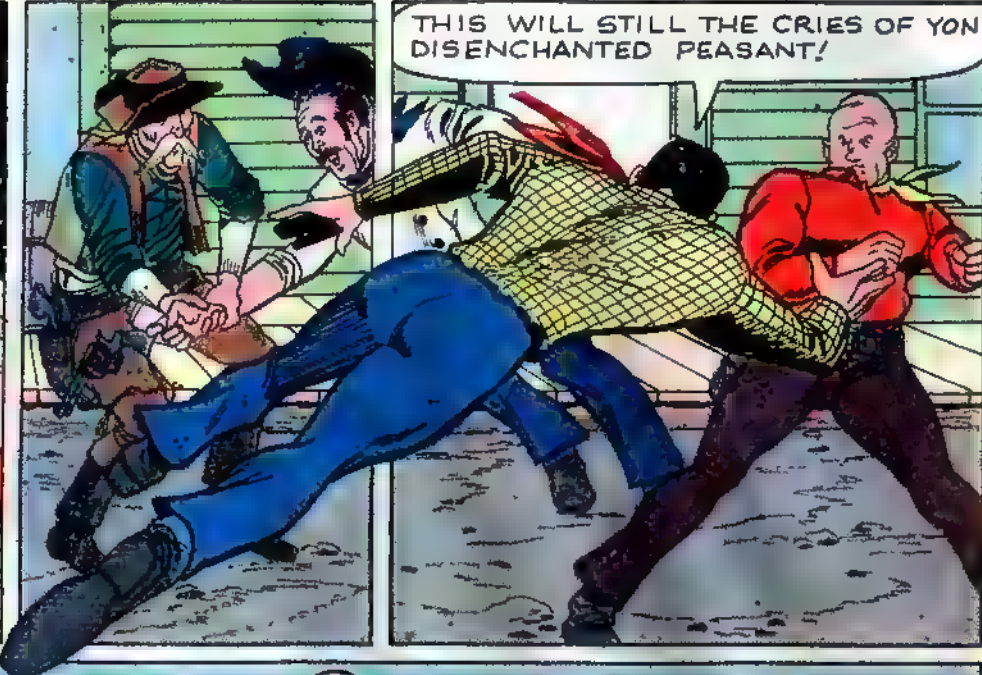
WANDER'S WHIP IS A POSITRONIC
DEVICE CAPABLE OF MANY
PRACTICAL APPLICATIONS! IN
THIS INSTANCE, IT PROJECTS
A MAGNETIC FIELD WHICH
BOILS THE MINERALS IN THE
PATENT MEDICINE CAUSING
IT TO....YEP, **BUST THE**
BOTTLE IS WHAT WE MEAN!

*EDITOR'S NOTE; WANDER
MEANS "HOLD IT, MACK!"
IN OLDE ENGLISH.

BLUGH! IT'S
WUSS'N THE
LAST BATCH O'
PIZEN'!



THIS WILL STILL THE CRIES OF YON
DISENCHANTED PEASANT!



THUDD!

LINGH!

SOCK!!

I'LL FIX YA
FER THAT,
DUDE!

MOST EFFICACEOUS
WHEN SPRAYED ON
CUTS AND
LACERATIONS
BUT NOT SOOTHING
TO THE EYES!



I GOT MY
GUNSLINGER,
WANDER!



I'LL BUST EVERY
BONE IN YER
BODY,
TENDERFOOT!



... PERSONAL
VIOLENCE!



NOW, YER GITTIN' THE IDEA, WANDER!

LOOKIE THERE, BLOAT!
WANDER DOES SO
KNOW HOW TA FIGHT
OUR WAY!



OF A TRUTH, JEB...A
KNOWLEDGE' OF
FISTICUFFS HAST
EVER BEEN A SKILL
OF ELIZABETHAN
GENTLEMEN...OBSERVE!

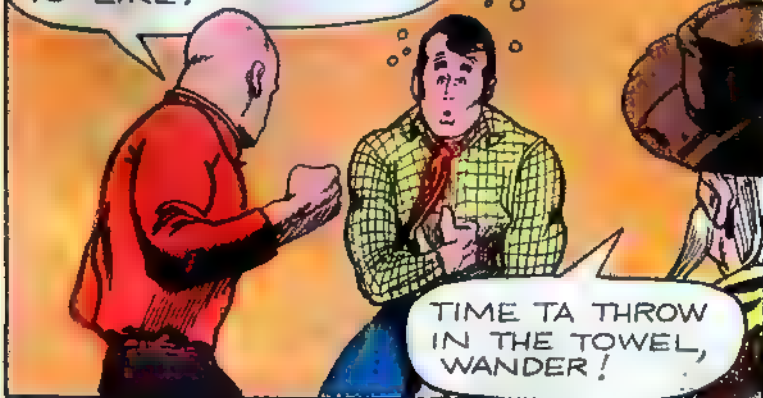


SIR FRANCIS
BACON AVERS...

...THE LEFT JAB IS
THE RAPIER OF TH...
ZOUNDS!



I'LL SHOW THIS FREAK
WHAT A **REAL** PUNCH
IS LIKE!

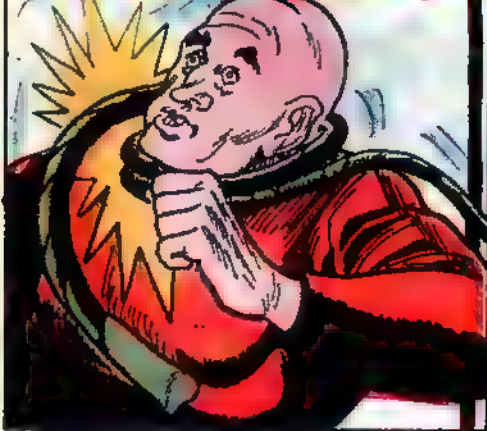


TIME TA THROW
IN THE TOWEL,
WANDER!

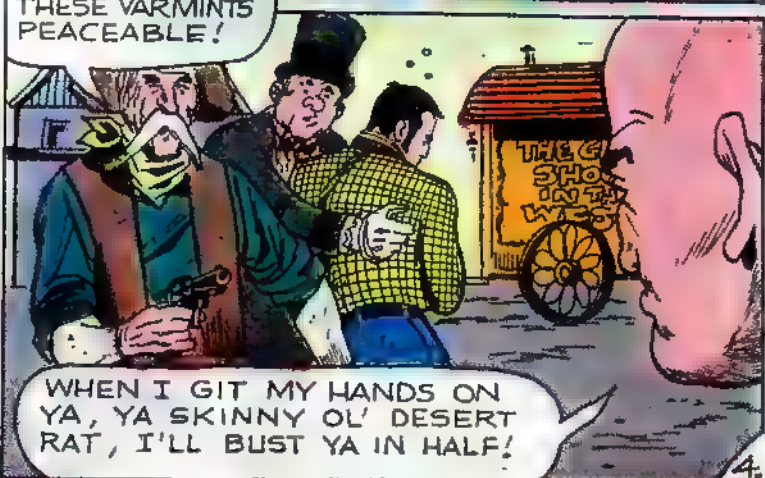
JEB COULDN'T ACTIVATE
WANDER'S HYPERSTALIC
ENERGIZER THAT LOOKED
LIKE AN ORDINARY WHIP...
HE JUST USED IT LIKE AN
ORDINARY BULLTHONG
AND THREW IT!



YEEK



LEAD WANDER
TA THE WAGON,
PERFESSOR...
I'LL KEEP
THESE VARMINTS
PEACEABLE!



WHEN I GIT MY HANDS ON
YA, YA SKINNY OL' DESERT
RAT, I'LL BUST YA IN HALF!

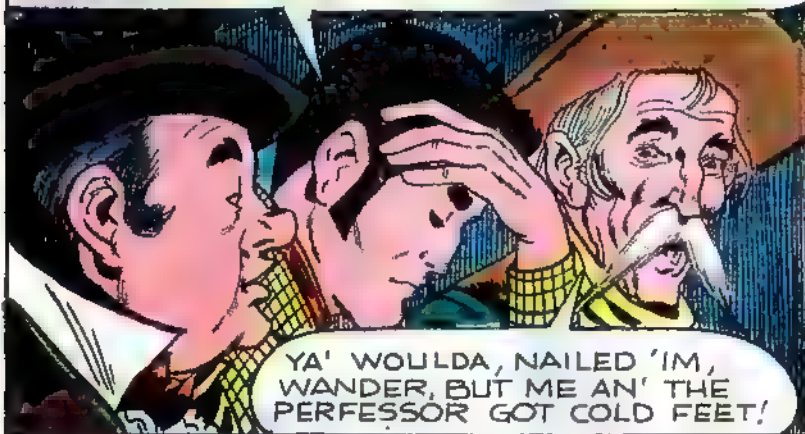
DON'T LET THEM APPREHEND US,
OLD FRIEND... OUR STRANGE FRIEND
HAS NOT YET REGAINED HIS SENSES!

THESE HAYBURNERS CAIN'T
RUN NO SWIFTER, PERFESSOR!



METHINKS A CITIZEN OF SIRIUS V WOULDST
EASILY DEFEAT A MERE CITIZEN OF EARTH
EVEN IN SO CRUDE AN ART AS FISTICUFFS BUT...

WANDER MUST RETURN
TO THE FRAY, WORTHY
FRIENDS!



YA' WOULD'A, NAILED 'IM,
WANDER, BUT ME AN' THE
PERFESSOR GOT COLD FEET!



GO BACK? WANDER, THERE'S AN OL'
SAYIN'... HE WHO FIGHTS AN' RUNS
AWAY, LIVES TA FIGHT ANOTHER DAY!

CANST THOU NOT COMPREHEND?
MY PALEOTRONIC POLARIZER
(I MEAN MY WHIP) IS IN THE HANDS
OF VARLETS!



WE CAN'T GO
BACK!

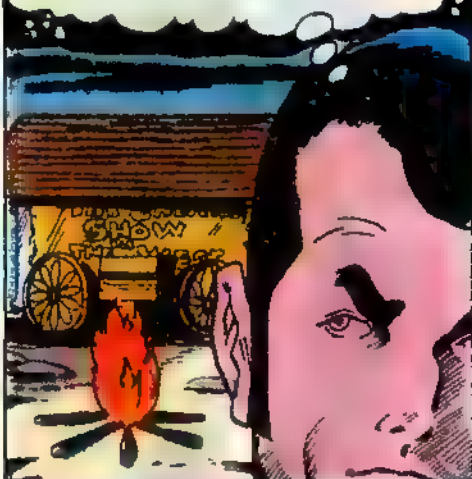


WE GOT RID OF WANDER
AN' HIS PALS, CRACKER!
NOW, WE KIN LOOT TH'
BANK LIKE YA
PLANNED BEFORE
THEY ARRIVED!!
FORGET THAT
BULLWHIP... IT AIN'T
AS HANDY AS A
SIXGUN!

THIS AIN'T NO
ORDINARY
WHIP, WOLF!
IT GOT GREAT
POWERS....
WHEN I
LEARN TA
USE IT I'LL....



.... CONQUER THE WEST!
WITH THAT WHIP, HE CAN
MELT THE DOORS OFF
BANK VAULTS! WIPE OUT
A SHERIFF'S POSSE...THIS
MUST BE REMEDIED
FORTHWITH, FORSOOTH!



MEANWHILE, IN COWLICK CRICK, CRACKER BARLE
WAS DISCOVERING THE WEIRD, WONDROUS
POWERS OF WANDER'S WHIP!



KEEP BACK OR I'LL BLAST YA!
I'M GONNA GET THE EXPRESS
OFFICE NEXT!



I'M GONNA GET THE EXPRESS
OFFICE NEXT!

MY WHIP...IS **TRANSMITTING** THAT
SCOUNDREL'S THREATENING SPEECH
HERE TO ME!



SHHHH, OLD
FRIEND! WANDER
IS LISTENING TO
THINGS WE CAN
NOT HEAR!

EASY, WANDER....IF WE WUZ
MEANT TA FLY, WE WUDDA
BEEN BORNED WITH WINGS!

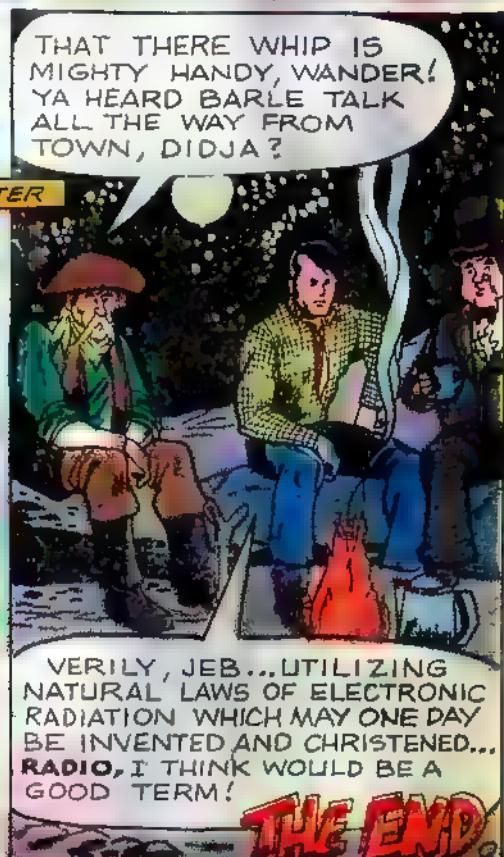
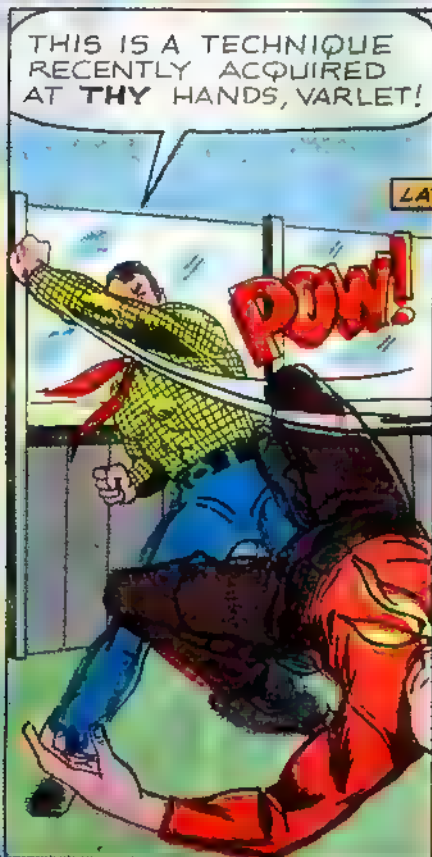
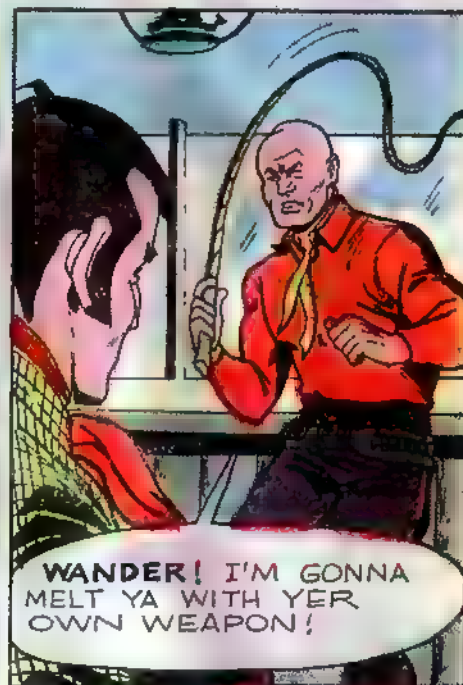
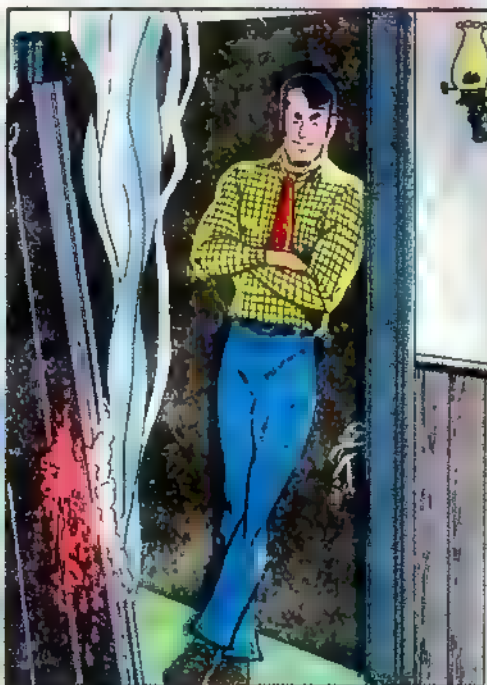
THAT DAY TOO SHALL
COME, FELLOW! I
MUST GET TO THE
EXPRESS OFFICE!



CRACKER BARLE, ALREADY BURDENED WITH THOUSANDS STOLEN FROM THE BANK, WAS ABOUT TO RAID THE EXPRESS OFFICE!

THIS WHIP IS A HANDY GADGET,... SEE, WHEN I HOLD 'ER* THIS AWAY, SHE BURNS RIGHT THROUGH THE IRON LOCK ON THE SAFE!

*ED: CRACKER BARLE ACCIDENTALLY ACTIVATED THE ICONO-RAY BEAM WHICH MELTS ANYTHING AT THIS RANGE!



THE WINNER

On July 9, 1878, John Lind got off the stage at its terminal stop in Meadowville. He had only three dollars left in his wallet. In addition to the satchel with his clothes, he carried his sample case. In his coat pocket was a crumpled telegram telling him that the company for which he worked was bankrupt. And he could keep his samples. But he was hungry. Where would he get a job? He noticed some black bunting.

"Who died?" he asked.

"Sheriff Blanton," was the laconic reply a stranger gave him. "Had a heart attack."

After asking directions on how to get to the sheriff's office, John Lind found himself facing a lone deputy. Whose name was Frank Bohens.

"If you can read and write a legible hand, then the job is yours," grinned the deputy. "Pays forty bucks a month. You sleep here. My sister runs the restaurant. So you get a break on meals. Now tell me where you were a deputy."

"Never," was the reply. "But I will make a deal with you. You teach me the ropes. I will give you ten dollars each month of my salary."

"A deputy gets half of the fine money. So you give me half of your half and you got yourself a deal," was the counter offer.

In later years, John Lind gave the following explanation of the deal he made: "I figured that this would give Frank Bohens an incentive to see I remained alive." And he was correct!

This particular episode in his most unusual career as a lawman took place about two years after he had his badge pinned onto his shirt. By this time, most of the people had learned he was capable of handling any situation-but in his own peculiar way. Diana Gordon was the most beautiful female the town had ever seen. She and her father had arrived there a year previously. He was the new manager of the mine.

Every eligible male in the town and in the surrounding area considered himself as the best possible husband for her. And when there was any kind of an affair, the male population attended and lined up to dance with her. Bets

were that one of the two leading contenders would eventually lead her to the altar.

One was Jim Rodney, owner of the Bar-H Ranch. The other was Peter Finch, son of the banker. There was bad blood between the two. Only one man was out of the race. He was Edmund Lyons. He had come from the East-according to reports-to regain his health. He was quiet and rarely spoke to anyone except to John Lind whom he apparently knew in previous years.

"Let's have a shooting match," suggested Jim Rodney. "And the winner is the one who will court Diana Gordon. Money to our local charity fund."

And so it was arranged. Not to the liking of Diana Gordon but she was not consulted at all. Yet when the day of the match came, she and her father were there on the Main Street of the town. Every single male paid his ten dollars entry fee-with but one exception.

"Count me out of this," smiled Edmund Lyons. "Seems to me it is up to the young lady to decide about her future husband."

The first part of the match consisted in shooting at empty bottles. Second part consisted in shooting at silver dollars that were thrown into the air. There were two ties. You guessed it! Jim Rodney and Peter Finch. So Jim Rodney spoke to the other contender.

"Let's shoot it out right now. The man left alive gets her!"

"Stop that insanity right now," shouted Diana Gordon. "I pick my husband right this moment."

She went over to Edmund Lyons. Kissed him and put her arm around his arm.

The two startled men didn't know what to do. One walked to the lucky man with gun in hand. Pushed Diana Gordon away. But never made it. Because suddenly a gun appeared in the hand of the man who really owned the mine. One shot and the gun flew out of the hand of Peter Finch. The other walked away. And so it ended. With the Sheriff on the side lines knowing the outcome all the time.

CHEYENNE KID

D-688

DIE AT DAWN!

EDITOR
SAL GENTILE

STORY
JOE GILL

ART
SANHO KIM

MR. QUIGLEY, THE INDIAN AGENT, WAS GETTING RICH ON THE COMANCHE INDIANS HE WAS CHARGED WITH PROVIDING FOR ON THE BLACK HILLS RESERVATION! THEY RARELY GOT TO EAT THE CATTLE UNCLE SAM PROVIDED FOR THEM... QUIGLEY SOLD THE CORN MEAL AND OTHER FOODS CARTED TO HIS STORE FOR THEM... AND HIS HEAVILY ARMED HIRELINGS BRUTALLY EJECTED ANY COMANCHE FOOLISH ENOUGH TO PROTEST THIS MISERABLE TREATMENT! THE ARMY WAS AT THE FORT TO PROTECT JASON QUIGLEY.... HE DIDN'T HAVE A WORRY IN THE WORLD!

SON NOT HAVE FOOD, SON SICK, SON WILL DIE! WHERE IS MEAT? WHERE IS....

UNGHH!

GET O'GARA TO HELP YOU, RAFE.... TEACH THE INJUN IT DOESN'T PAY TO COME HERE AND COMPLAIN!

THE COMANCHE'S AROUND HERE ARE STARVIN' TO DEATH!

MR. QUIGLEY, I HELPED DRIVE A HUNDRED HEAD OF CATTLE UP HERE! DID YOU TURN 'EM OVER TO THE COMANCHE'S LIKE YOU'RE SUPPOSED TUH?

COMANCHE'S GET NO MEAT! INDIAN AGENT STARVE COMANCHE'S!



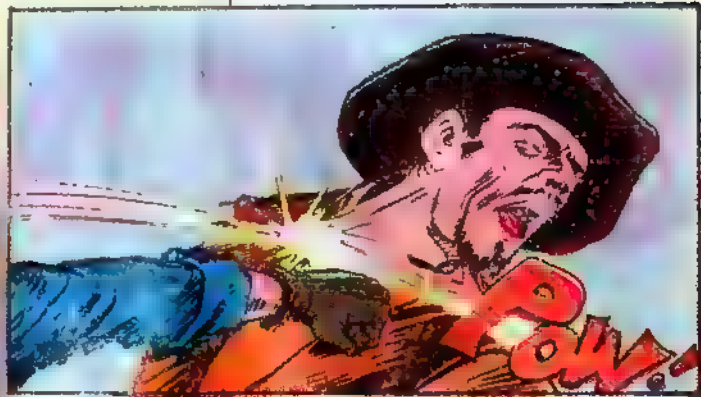
WHAT ABOUT IT, QUIGLEY? ARE YUH CHEATIN' THE INDIANS OUT OF THEIR RATIONS?

WATCH YOUR MOUTH, RENEGADE! I ALWAYS FIGURED YOU WERE TOO CHUMMY WITH THE RED BASCALS... YOU COULD GET IN TROUBLE!



ONCE MORE,
RAFE!
GOOD 'UN!

WE GOTTA
TEACH
THIS....



LET
HIM GO!

YOU'LL BE
DISCIPLINED FOR
THIS,
CHEYENNE!



BEAR CLAW WEAK LIKE SQUAW,
CHEYENNE FRIEND! BEAR CLAW
HAS NO HONOR. BEAR CLAW BEGS
LIKE COWARD FOR FOOD TO FEED
FAMILY!

YOU'LL GET FOOD,
BEAR CLAW! GO BACK
TO THE VILLAGE....
I'LL TAKE CARE OF
IT!



JASON QUIGLEY RAN THE RESERVATION
AND NEARBY HE ALSO OPERATED A
SMALL BUT PROFITABLE RANCH! HERE,
THE CHEYENNE KID SPOTTED THE
CATTLE HE'D HELPED DRIVE TO THE
RESERVATION!

MUST BE NEARLY TWO HUNDRED HEAD
OF CATTLE IN THAT PASTURE NOW!
IT'S GONNA RAIN SOME PURTY SOON...
I'LL WAIT UNTIL THEN
TO MAKE MY MOVE!



JUST PAST DARK, THERE WAS A SUDDEN ROLLING CRASH OF THUNDER IT BROUGHT THE RESTLESS HERD TO THEIR FEET!

THEY'D STAMPEDE IF THEY HAD ROOM TUH RUN ...

THAT'S IT, DOGIES RUN FOR THE HILLS!

THEY'LL SCATTER ALL OVER THE HILLS BUT THE COMANCHE WON'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE FINDIN' 'EM!

BAKROOMM!

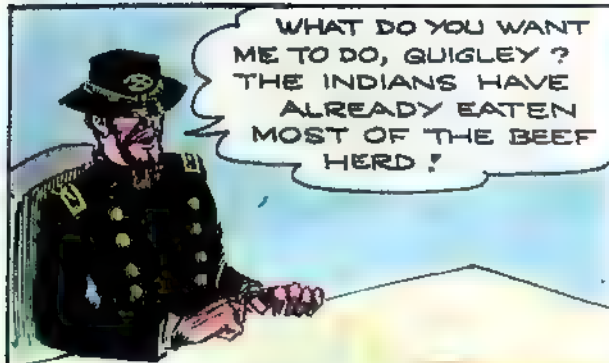
FOR THREE DAYS, THE COMANCHES FEASTED!

AND FOR THOSE SAME THREE DAYS, JASON QUIGLEY SCREAMED ACCUSATIONS AT THE COLONEL AND DEMANDED ACTION!

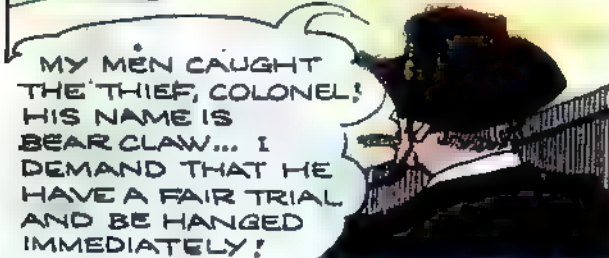
COLONEL, THIS IS THE FIRST SQUARE MEAL QUIGLEY PROVIDED FOR THE COMANCHES IN MONTHS!

SHUT HIM UP, COLONEL, UNLESS YOU WANT MY FRIEND IN THE UNITED STATES SENATE TO HAVE A WORD WITH THE SECRETARY OF THE ARMY!

SHUT UP, SERGEANT!



WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO, QUIGLEY? THE INDIANS HAVE ALREADY EATEN MOST OF THE BEEF HERD!



MY MEN CAUGHT THE THIEF, COLONEL! HIS NAME IS BEAR CLAW... I DEMAND THAT HE HAVE A FAIR TRIAL AND BE HANGED IMMEDIATELY!

SO IT WAS! RAPE COBURN AND JACK O'GARA TESTIFIED TO WITNESSING BEAR CLAW RUSTLE THE MISSING CATTLE...AND ACCORDING TO RESERVATION LAW, HE HAD TO



..... HANG BY THE NECK UNTIL YOU ARE DEAD, BEAR CLAW!



DID BEAR CLAW'S TRIAL BEGIN YET?

THE COMANCHE'S GONNA HANG, CHEYENNE! SERVES HIM RIGHT, TOO!



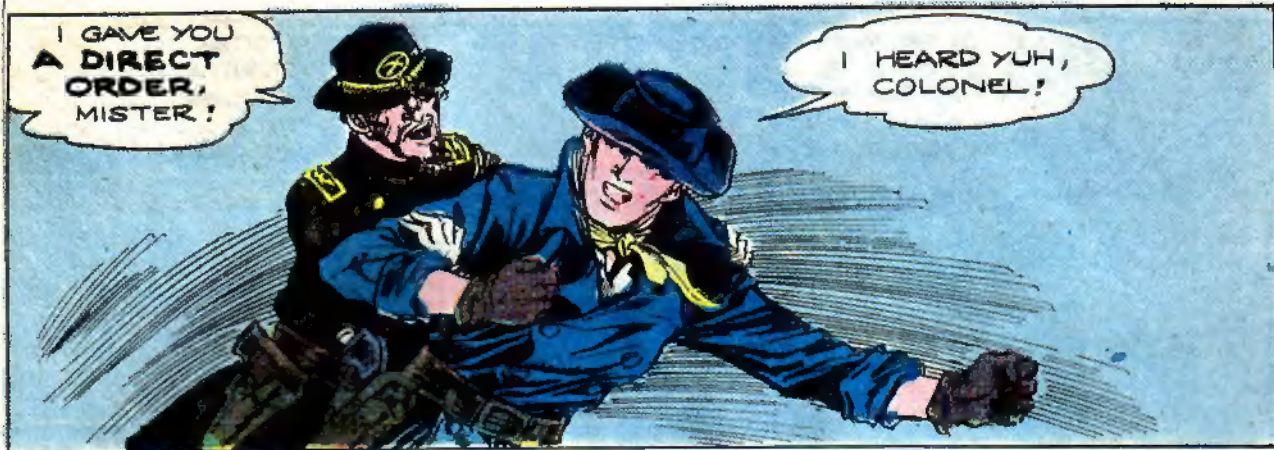
YOU CAN'T HANG BEAR CLAW, COLONEL! HE'S INNOCENT... I TURNED THOSE CATTLE LOOSE!

HE'S LYING, COLONEL!



DON'T SAY THAT TUH ME, QUIGLEY!

STOP THAT, MISTER!





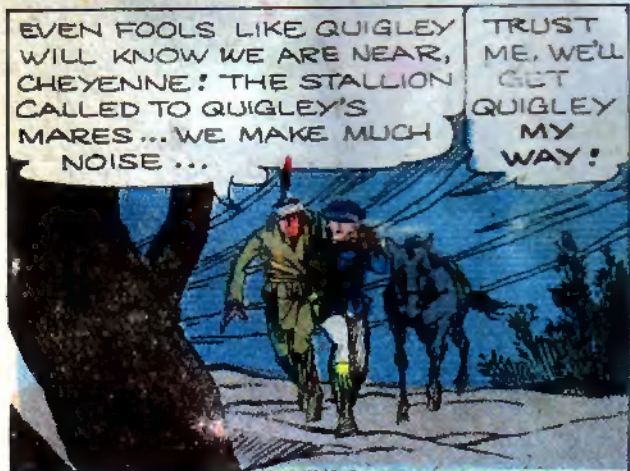
COME ON, BEAR CLAW... WE'LL HAVE THE WHOLE ARMY AFTER US IN A MINUTE!



RIDING DOUBLE BECAUSE BEAR CLAW WAS TOO WEAK (RAFE COBURN AND JACK O'GARA HAD BEATEN HIM AGAIN), THE CHEYENNE KID GOT HIM AWAY FROM THE FORT...

BEAR CLAW WALK NOW.... THERE IS TEPEE OF QUIGLEY, THE ENEMY!

WE'RE BOTH GOIN' AFTER HIM, BEAR CLAW BUT WE'LL DO IT MY WAY!



EVEN FOOLS LIKE QUIGLEY WILL KNOW WE ARE NEAR, CHEYENNE! THE STALLION CALLED TO QUIGLEY'S MARES... WE MAKE MUCH NOISE ...

TRUST ME, WE'LL GET QUIGLEY MY WAY!



DON'T MOVE, IF BEAR CLAW RUNS FOR IT, HE'LL BE KILLED!

STAY WITH ME, BEAR CLAW!



I HEARD CHEYENNE'S HOSS, THEN THEY STUMBLED RIGHT IN TUH MY HANDS, BOSS! WHAT'LL WE DO WITH CHEYENNE? I KNOW BEAR CLAW WILL HANG!

I GUESS WE'LL SHOOT CHEYENNE... SAY WE SURPRISED HIM ROBBING MY SAFE!



YUH STEAL THEIR FOOD, ROB THE INDIANS CONSTANTLY, AND THEN YOU FRAMED BEAR CLAW FOR A CRIME I COMMITTED! YOU ARE A FIEND, QUIGLEY!

YOU'RE A FOOL, YOU AND THAT STUPID COLONEL... HE BELIEVES ANYTHING I TELL HIM!



IT AIN'T SMART TUH ADMIT ANYTHING, BOSS! WHAT IF....?

CHEYENNE WON'T LEAVE THIS ROOM ALIVE, COBURN... AND BEAR CLAW WON'T TALK TO ANYONE WHO'LL LISTEN TO HIM BEFORE HE HANGS!

SUDDENLY, THE CHEYENNE KID SMASHED COBURN... AS BEAR CLAW LEAPED FOR THE MAN WHO HAD STARVED HIS PEOPLE!



SHOULD I STOP IT, COLONEL?

NOT UNTIL QUIGLEY AND COBURN HAVE BEEN PUNISHED FOR THEIR SINS, SER-GEANT! WE WANT THEM ALIVE FOR THE TRIAL.... THAT'S SUFFICIENT!



DID YUH HEAR THEM, COLONEL? GOT ENOUGH EVIDENCE? IF YUH HAVEN'T I.....

NO, NO, CHEYENNE! WE'VE GOT THEIR OWN WORDS TO USE AGAINST THEM.

THERE WAS FEASTING IN THE COMANCHE LODGES WHEN THEY HEARD THAT JASON QUIGLEY WAS AT LAST PAYING FOR HIS MANY CRIMES... AND A GUEST OF HONOR WAS THE CHEYENNE KID!



MAY 2, 1970. THE END

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